

DONATIONS FOR Y. W. C. A. GIRLS' HOME ARE COMING IN RAPIDLY

Many Subscriptions From Outside the City—Local Donors Increase Their Donations.

El Paso is not a city to itself. Las Cruces, Douglas, Deming, Big Springs and the other bustling, thriving cities of the southwest speak of El Paso with the same feeling of ownership as if its residents were citizens in fact of El Paso. It is the same with El Paso's institutions. The Y. W. C. A., the smelter, the chamber of commerce and the other public buildings belong as much to the southwest as to its capital. No more striking example of this fact can be found than the response to the appeal that was made by the Young Women's Christian association for assistance to build a boarding home for working girls and women in El Paso.

From all parts of the southwest subscriptions have been received. The El Paso and Southwestern railroad directors, representing unofficially the greatest empire builder the section possesses, gave \$1000 to the fund for the boarding home. Having read of the campaign for a place where the working girls of El Paso, many of whom come from the cities of the southwest, might have a place they could call home, many have made donations. Some of these have come to the association as blind subscriptions to name being mentioned. Others have written encouraging letters,

enclosing checks and wishing the young women well in their efforts to accomplish a positive good for their sex.

One of these letters has reached the headquarters of the association from C. T. Brown, a mining expert of Socorro, N. M., who has been prominently identified with educational movements in the southwest. Writing to his friend, E. M. Bray, Mr. Brown said:

"Enclosed find check for \$50. Kindly credit me with same on account of the Y. W. C. A. I am glad to see the move to provide young women with the comforts and conveniences of home."

In addition to this subscription, a number of the subscribers have increased their original gifts to the fund in order to insure the association of a boarding home at the earliest possible date. Among those who have increased their subscriptions are Felix Martinez, \$50 additional, making \$100 all told; H. W. Broadus, \$25 additional.

Other subscriptions received this week are:

G. F. Hawks	\$50
Miss Margaret Hitchcock	25
Mrs. J. D. Love	25
Arthur Anderson, Colorado, Tex.	25
Miss Ora Cramer	5
Miss Lela Jones	5
Miss Anna Hawley	5
A. friend (no name given)	5
A. Pogue	2
A. C. Brown	2
John Ashcroft and his daughter, Miss Alice Ashcroft, have agreed to furnish a bedroom in the building, and W. G. Walz has promised a reduction of one-half on any piano the association may select.	

PUBLIC BUILDING FOR RATON, N. M.

Andrews Asks for \$35,000—Douglas Bond Bill Is Approved.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 9.—Delegate Andrews, who has returned from attending the funeral of his brother in New York, has introduced a bill appropriating \$30,000 to purchase a site for a public building at Raton. Andrews accompanied T. D. Burns to the Indian commissioner and the secretary of the interior asking the restoration of certain lands to the public domain.

Delegate Cameron's bill authorizing Douglas to issue \$25,000 bonds to purchase and reconstruct a water plant was reported favorably and placed on the house calendar.

Cameron has introduced a bill authorizing the heirs of John Campbell, late delegate in congress from Arizona, to prosecute their Indian depredation claims.

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Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back brought in by excessive, unnatural, draught, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many weak and nervous men right in their own homes without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together. I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop struggling himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest, most effective, remedial ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 4444 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich. and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge \$3.50 to \$5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

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The Fourth Estate

From the Great Play of the Same Name by Joseph Medill Patterson and Harriet Ford

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NOVELIZED BY FREDERICK R. TOOMBS.

(Continued from Yesterday.)



"I put it through."

CHAPTER IX.

AT 9 o'clock in the managing editor's room in the Advance building Wheeler Brand and three other men, Howard Hartley, Jeff Thorne, staff reporters, and Bill, their much bootstrapped underdog, were industriously at work. At one side of the office diagonally from the managing editor's desk was a high mahogany desk which backed against a wooden partition which cut off a small room used as a "morgue." The place where newspaper and magazine clippings are kept for reference.

Through the partition a round hole about five inches in diameter had been cut with a hand saw, and on a table in the morgue a camera had been rested with the telescopic protruberance containing the lens projecting through the hole in the partition into a private mail box directly above the desk. The door of this box, into which were placed letters arriving for the managing editor during his absence, had been unlocked. A line of shoe thread had been fastened to the door of the box and extended down behind the desk to the floor and across to the left hand side of Brand's desk. A slight tug on the thread would cause the door of the mail box to open, exposing to the lens Brand's desk, his chair and another chair which had been placed at the right of the desk next to the telephone.

For several minutes the mysterious preparations went on. Just what they meant no one but Brand could tell, and he was strangely silent, except as to directing what should be done.

Hartley was anxious to make certain that the lens aimed directly at Brand's desk. He measured the line with his eye.

"Get it," called Jeff.

"No, not yet. Wait a minute." Howard answered, dodging around quickly toward the little "morgue." "I haven't got the focus right yet. Hold on!"

Jeff lighted a match, held it up and stood between the two chairs.

"How's that?" he cried.

The answering voice came back.

"Yes; that's the very thing. It's all right now."

Brand stepped forward from a corner of the room from whence he had been watching the final preparations for the strange event that was to occur.

"Are you all set now, boys?" he asked. "Is your camera in the right place for the flashlight?"

"Yes, sir," cried Jeff and Howard simultaneously.

"The flashlight is planted here, sir," said Howard, pointing to a narrow pan

She walked away slowly from her lover, her eyes wet with tears. She went out of the room with her father, leaving Wheeler Brand standing in the middle of the room, overcome by the unconquerable sorrow that filled his soul.

The towering figure of Nolan appeared from the library. He stepped toward the editor.

"Well, did you put it through?" he asked.

Brand threw back his head, and his misery was imprinted in every line of his face. Yet by superhuman will power he forced his voice into steadiness as he said:

"Yes—I put it through."

"Good evening, Mr. Brand," he said weakly. Durkin, who had summoned him, followed him in.

"Well, Joe, what is it?"

"Wait a minute, Durkin. Got a story for us, Joe?" queried Brand sympathetically.

Dillon staggered forward.

"Better sit down," cautioned Brand. "Same old story, eh?"

"No, I'm hungry."

"Durkin, go get one hot roast beef sandwich and a big pot of black coffee and see that he gets them."

"Yes, sir." The lad sped away after dexterously catching a quarter which Brand tossed him.

"I wish I was going in there to work with the boys instead of eating charity grub," began Dillon plaintively. "I know you mean all right, Mr. Brand. I've tried and tried again to fight it off, but it's useless. I can't. It's too late. I'm a dead one. The hard stuff the five cut whisky, has got me. You never heard how this thing started, did you, Mr. Brand? If it hadn't been for my wife—"

"Oh, cut it out!" cried Brand, and Dillon shambled out of the room.

Downs hurried in. He had become night editor when the shakeup occurred at the time of Brand's promotion.

"Young Bobbie Doolittle pinched again for speeding," he rattled off. "Three show girls in the auto. All of 'em lit up. Bobbie weeping because the girls had to miss the theater, and his mother's at me all evening to keep it out. What'll I do?"

Brand leaned back and smiled.

"Well, it was on her account we kept out his partial elopement with her French maid and the time he kissed the head waiter at the St. Honore hotel in lieu of a tip, and I guess—well, print this one. It may help brace him up."

"Oh, and that disappearance case," reminded Downs. "The girl's come back—old gag, visiting her friends in Jersey, but she's been off on the suit case circuit all right."

"Home now?" jerked the managing editor.

"Yep."

"Think she'll stay there?"

"She might."

"Well, she can't if we print this, so let's forget it."

"But we've had a man on it two days," persisted Downs. "We're the only paper that's got it."

"Well, we won't be the one to kick her down," pronounced Brand, turning his head away to end the conversation.

"All right, just as you say."

The telephone bell rang. Brand took off the receiver.

"Hello! Tell Mr. Dupuy I'm busy," he cried after taking the message.

"What? Send him in. That's all, Downs. See that they take care of Dillon, will you?"

The night editor nodded in the affirmative and gazed rather curiously at Brand as he went out.

Dupuy came into Brand's office with a most circumspect and deferential air. Dressed in evening clothes, carrying his silk hat in his hand and with a boutonniere of bothose violets in his lapel, he gave every indication of being the society figure that his name and wealth had made possible for him.

The lawyer lobbyist walked directly to the desk at which Brand was seated. In reply to the managing editor's salutation he bowed stiffly and leaned forward over the desk.

Several moments elapsed before Dupuy spoke. He was trying to put his opening words in the most judicious language, and well he might hesitate when one considers the nature of his evil errand.

him on a wild goose errand. Surely the judge and Brand had come to terms regarding the silence of the Advance as to the Lansing Iron case decision. The editor was playing with him now, he knew—dangling him on a verbal hook to tantalize him.

"Oh, come, you know you mean—Bartelmy," snapped the judge's despicable tool.

"Judge Bartelmy!" exclaimed Brand in surprise. "Well, what about him?"

Dupuy produced a card, which the editor glanced at.

"What's this?" he asked. Then he read: "Dupuy will represent me." In what?

He started to put the card in his pocket.

"Perhaps you would better let me have that so I can return it to him," Dupuy reached eagerly for the card, which Brand slowly extended to him.

"This refers to that transaction of which you and he were speaking this afternoon," continued the lawyer.

Brand laughed loudly.

"Well, Dupuy, I'm a poor hand at guessing riddles. I give it up. What's the answer?"

The lawyer became impatient.

"The transaction involving the—ah—the investment—of a certain—sum of money," he explained haltingly.

"A business deal I was going into with the judge?" in amazement.

"Precisely."

"If I had any business with the judge, Dupuy, I would prefer to do it with the judge."

"But I am his plenipotentiary."

"Mhm, mhm!" grunted Brand negatively.

"You are rather unreasonable, Brand." A wearied and hopeless look began to show in the lawyer's visage.

The young editor noted this and resolved to temporize with and exasperate this man whom he despised above all others, even above Bartelmy himself. Bartelmy, believed Brand, even if he was a scoundrel, actually had a superior mental ability, was a brilliant thinker and acted boldly in many of his dishonest transactions on the bench.

But Dupuy—he was to Brand the banger-on, the skinker, the vandal jackal that devoured corpses in the night that braver animals had fought and killed by day. His eyes blinked in the light, did Dupuy's. It was in the underground runways that he couched the swiftest. And as these thoughts sped through his brain the editor looked away absently.

Dupuy came hot on his trail.

"Shall I make an appointment with him for you, say, tomorrow morning?" he anxiously queried of the newspaper man.

"I don't care."

"Then I'll do it," he said decidedly and moved away from the desk. "And—er—He saw that Brand was still indifferent. He returned to the desk. "Things will remain stationary until then," he asked.

"Things never remain stationary in a newspaper office," responded the managing editor laconically.

"What I mean is that there would be no story—er—about him until you see him."

"A business deal." "I don't know what you are talking about."

"Can we let it go over for one day?" "I don't know what you are talking about."

"You insist on his coming here personally?"

"Of course I don't. I don't insist on anything."

"How much time have we got?" "He knows all about that."

Dupuy was immeasurably relieved at this last remark. It was the first time that Brand had indicated that Bartelmy and he had had an engagement.

"Mr. Brand, I can almost assure you that my client will keep his appointment." The lawyer's voice rang out firmly.

The editor nodded carelessly toward the speaker, who spun on his heel and speedily strode away. The telephone bell sounded. Brand bent over quickly.

"Hello! Who—oh, yes, Mr. Nolan. No, sir, not yet, but I think we'll have him landed all right in about half an hour. Please don't worry about it. It'll be all right. Just go away and hide somewhere, for they'll be doing the baby act as quick as I trap him, and you'll be squeezed to death before we get to press. You promised me this chance. You want to know what's going on? Well, where will you be? Triple 3 Plaza. Get off the wire, Miss Stove. Yes, Mr. Nolan, they cut in on us. I'll call you up later."

(To Be Continued.)

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LINEMEN SUE FOR BIG DAMAGES

Electric Railway Made Defendant in Suits for \$50,000.

Two linemen filed suit in the 41st district court against the El Paso Electric Railway company Tuesday afternoon. B. F. Judas asks for \$20,000 damages and J. R. Shackle asks for \$30,000.

Both set forth that they were employed on the tower wagon on Feb. 3, when at the crest of the hill at the intersection of Los Angeles, West Rio Grande and West Boulevard streets, a smelter car on its way to the smelter, struck the tower wagon and threw the men to the ground.

Judas alleges that he sustained severe injuries to his back and spine as well as suffering a severe nervous shock, and Shackle had his right leg broken in two places.

HARRISON PAGE ACQUITTED.

Harrison Page was acquitted by a jury in the 24th district court Tuesday afternoon when tried on a charge of receiving and concealing stolen property. The jury was out only a few minutes.

SERMON BASED ON PLAYS.

"The Power of Love" will be the subject of the discourse at Temple Mt. Sinai Friday evening by Rabbi Martin Zigelonka. The sermon will be based on the two plays, "Sampson," and "Israel," by Bernstein.

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